Crescendo

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Crescendo

by CrazyEyesChick

Summary

Summary: Takes place after Nakanocho. Finally, Will has hooked his prey, ready to play the mindgames of Dr Lecter. Will believes to have the advantage, but what does he have to lose in the process to keep it. In the meantime, Hannibal shares the darkness with his Will while inviting him to a lovely concert in honor of their new relationship. But, this is not stopping Lecter to enjoy all that Will has to offer while listening to this beautiful orchestra.

Notes

Hannibal being all sneaky I like. Hope you enjoy and comment away.

See the end of the work for more notes

Chapter 1

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Title: Crescendo

Will looked at his watch when he reached the Doctor's front porch.

17h00 it read

He released a nervous breath he didn't know he was holding in. He was not too late nor too early, which is how Lecter liked it. After the murder and disembowelment of Randall Tier's body, Hannibal had finally let down his guard, letting him glimpse at the beast inside his psychiatrist. It was a dangerous game he was playing. This time, Hannibal held the cards as he didn't know why he had been invited on such short notice; it was not in his...profile, it was too sudden.

Straightening up, he pushed the doorbell. He had his gun on him just in case Hannibal tried anything. It was one thing to use himself as bait and accept to be played with, but it was another to trust this man to change the rules mid game.

Waiting for his host to present himself at door, his right hand twitched near his holster. Nothing had been said on the phone. They usually had their usual sessions at 7pm on the same day, but the refined man told him today would be different. He closed his eyes, calming his senses, hoping he didn't have to kill anymore. He was afraid of what Hannibal manipulations were doing to him; he had to stay focus.

Heavy steady steps resonated closer, approaching his current position, but on the other side of where he was.

The door creaked open revealing a very…..genuine smile. Odd.

‘Hello Will’ said the pale haired man, showing his friend in ‘Please come in...’

Will knew now he would not like what was coming. It was definitely creepy.

‘Yeah..Thanks’ replied Will uncertain.

Doctor Lecter seemed to have picked up on it, which unnerved Will.

‘Ah Dear Will...I assure you, nothing today will be done to you. As friends, I feel we should be able to trust each other’ Hannibal lips lifted upwards.

Will scowled

‘ Last time I trusted you Doctor Lecter; I was framed for murder, almost killed and driven mad without any friends; worst, you stole Alana from me. I think I’m allowed to bear this grudge a while longer’

Doctor Lecteur chuckled darkly, nodding his respect at the puppy before him. Will was so easy to anger, the Ripper couldn't be more proud of his mongoose. This would make tonight even sweeter. Did Will really think him unaware of his intentions; or had he forgotten that Hannibal started this? Regardless, he would enjoy tormenting his friend, to smell his unique fragrance. Making Will nervous was not helping matters. The taller gentlemen brought back an expensive bottle of liquor with one glass, extending his hand to Will.

‘Relax. Perhaps a glass of whiskey to ease your nerves would do.’

Will gladly took the offering; his shoulders releasing the tension unconsciously.

‘So, what couldn’t you say on the phone that you had to tell me in person’ he asked, while sipping his drink.

Hannibal raised his eyebrow innocently.

‘ Do I need a reason to seek your company?’

‘ No, but judging by your nonchalance,you knew I would show up; Otherwise it would have been rude to refuse or leave once here’ he stated like examining a crime scene. ‘ Still now, you manipulate me’ he said so low that only his eyes caught the sound.

‘ As we opened our….minds to each other, I thought perhaps I should share something of mine as a show of trust’ Hannibal made sure to leave it as ambiguous as possible.

That got Will’s attention. Would Hannibal finally let him in the hunt of his preys. He smiled internally. He would finally be able to catch the Ripper and send him to that cursed asylum for the criminally insane. His psychiatrist would see how it felt to be betrayed by those closest to him.

‘What is it?’ inquired Will ‘Who was too impolite they had to end up on your plate?’ gulping his drink down. It burned his throat, easing down his nerves as he saw the dark flash pass through his mentor’s dangerous eyes.

‘No one I’m afraid. I simply wished for you to join me to the opera tonight’ simply replied Hannibal

Will was surprised. Operas were not really his thing. Classical music was soothing, opera singers talented; but Will did not like go out in very public areas.

Hannibal was unmoving, waiting for his answer.

‘Tonight? I’ve never been to the opera before. It’s very crowded; I’m not comfortable in crowds. It’s not like anything in my closet is remotely fancy enough to go to that sort of venue’ shifting his weight, now aware that the clothes he wore were far away from what one would wear at the opera. He was sure Hannibal made him sweat on purpose, enjoying his reactions.

A box was propped forward in front of him. He looked at it quizzically.

‘ What’s in the box?’ not moving an inch towards the box, Will’s look hardened as he remembered the type of gifts the Ripper was capable of.

‘There’s no need to be rude Will.’ Hannibal responded calmly, hiding a hint of annoyance.

‘I have grown wary of what you give me Dr Lecter. After all last time, I got an ear in my throat, so excuse my need for answers, no offense intended.’

Hannibal smiled enjoying the fight in his boy’s eyes. He wondered if the FBI agent would fight as much for what he planned to do later. As much as Will pretended to fall for his manipulations, the Doctor could tell a part of Will ached for him, but he was too afraid to let it show. Of course, Hannibal knew Will better than he knew himself.

‘None intended. If you must know, it is nothing in bad taste I assure you. We said there would be no lies between us; I meant it’ said Hannibal

‘We both know you still keep things from me’ Now Will sounded like a jealous lover. Hannibal’s raised his eyebrow once again, reading Will’s intention with a slight smile. He had to trust Dr Lecter like he did before all of this happened. Deep inside, he knew the doctor held some sort of sick attraction to him. Making up his mind, he opened the beautifully wrapped lid under his mentor dutiful gaze. His expression went from surprise to dumbfoundment.

Neatly folded inside was what seemed to be a suit. An exceedingly expensive suit by the looks of it. A dark blue shirt made of the finest silk material found on the market, a black jacket and pants tailored exactly to his exact measurements, he bets and a white tie to

compliment the outfit. How in hell had Hannibal gotten hold of his measurements was a mystery to him. Without warning, he shut the lid of the box swiftly.

‘I-I can’t accept this...This is worth more than my freakin car..’ exclaimed Will, moving further back, like he’d been burned.

‘ I won’t accept no for an answer dear Will. This suit has been tailored to your exquisite body, it would be an honor to see you in it.’ lewdly suggested the killer.

Hannibal’s smile was definitely hiding his true motives. He had to admit the suit was the best thing he was ever given. Reflecting on their new relationship, the troubled young man was positive in other circumstances, they would have been good friends; even more perhaps. Hannibal was an enigma and as much as he believed himself to be different from the Ripper; they got along wonderfully, understanding each other like no one could.

‘ You certainly can’t force me in it, can’t you?.... Look, I appreciate the offer Hannibal, but I’m not the right person to do this with you.’ he paused, going on ‘..Perhaps Alana Bloom would be a better companion, no?’ he said bitterly, angry at Hannibal for turning the only person in the world he had grown accustomed to and loved against him.

Hannibal moved slowly towards the living room, depositing the light box on the couch, making sure Will followed behind him.

‘It is you I want’ leaving the meaning of his words as a double entendre. ‘ If I wanted miss Bloom’s company, I would have contacted her. I’d rather have your subtle presence besides me. Miss Bloom is extremely demanding, I’d rather deal with your presence than hers.’

‘ That’s your problem, not mine. You should have thought of that before sleeping with her to spite me!’

Rage filled his eyes. Will was shaking once he finally met the serious gaze of Doctor Lecter. Will’s empathy told him all he needed to know. His own body froze in fear, his breath quicken in response to Lecter’s still expression. His face was devoid of emotion; but his eyes reflected pain and anger.

Lecter advanced at a dangerously slow pace. Will's green eyes would not leave Lecter's frame until the taller man stood inches away from him.

'Look at me' said coldly the clearly offended man.

When Will didn't obey, a forceful grip tilted his chin up. He could not move his head, his jaw was squeezed tight between skillful fingers.

'May I remind you who you are speaking to. You are in my home in which you are a guest. I will not have you insult me in my own home' Hannibal's eyes were flaring, promise of hurt in his irises if Will did not comply.

Casting his eyes down, Will trembled ' I-I'm sorry….It's just Alana...you made sure to remove her from my life, like anyone else..'

The grip relented, now the palm moving to soothe the smaller man's red cheeks. Hannibal's eyes softened immediately, seeing his friend abdicate, submitting to his wrath.

' All is forgiven, my Will, let us not repeat this unpleasant experience'

Still quite shaken, the startled empath could only nod, afraid he had gone too far. Hannibal was a force of nature.

Softly, Hannibal's voice echoed close to his ear. Will could only stare ahead.

' I have done what I have done to make you stronger. Never forget, I only do what is best for you as I care a great deal for our new partnership'

'...Y-Yea..hh..' replied Will unsure.

‘Now that it’s settled, why don’t we try this on, hmm’ pointing to the folded clothes abandoned on the brown leather couch. ‘We don’t want to be late’

Will did not respond. He was lost in his head, in the feeling of dread that went through him moments ago. He was momentarily lead back to the present when fingers ghosted over his torso to undo his shirt’s buttons. Mouth wide open, eyes wide; all he could do was stare blankly as his shirt was coming undone.

Embarrassed, Will turned his head to the right, fists pressed hard.

‘What are you doing? asked Will, his voice strained.

‘ Don’t be so mundane, make a deduction...’ his lips quirking into a devious smirk.

‘You’re undressing me, why?’ Will retorted, avoiding Hannibal’s gaze whenever he could.

The larger man ignored the last question, not in the least stopping his invading actions.

A bit louder, Will said: ‘ I can undress myself, I don’t need you to do it for me’

‘Yet, you are not making any attempt to move away from me when you are free to do so’

‘ Free is a relative term. How much freedom I have depends on your whim, does it not?’

‘If you believe this is a bothersome task, please know this is quite enjoyable for me’ Hannibal replied wittingly

Will knew he did not have the power in this room. No matter how many times Hannibal had told him they were equals, clearly he meant it only when it fitted his plans. The poor

vulnerable man had no choice but to let this monster disrobe him.

The shirt was carefully lifted away from his broad shoulders and dropped besides Will's feet. Hands like feathers on his sensitive skin lingered lightly to feel. He was not used to another's touch on his bare skin. Shivers crawled through his body. He tried to focus his attention to Hannibal's every move instead. Hannibal was taking his time. At one point, Will was certain the other man sniffed him like a dog once again, taking in his fear and his unique scent.

Shirt gone; the denim pants were next. Meticulously, Hannibal almost kneeled in front of Will in order to remove the garment. Will had to hold in a breathe. The sight made him uneasy, shifting his weight nervously. The bastard was doing this as slow as possible; dragging this out to coax a reaction.

He started the feel a little self conscious once he realised he was in the middle of the room, down to his boxer shorts with another fully clothed man next to him. They had not spoken since he had started been undressed. He could not bare the uncomfortable silence any longer.

' If I can't dress myself, maybe you could not carry on for so long. It would be rude to be late as you said'

' Ah! Yes, you are correct. But this moment should not be rushed; it should be savoured like a good meal, dear Will'

Silk came in contact with his flushed flesh. The audacity of this man, thinking he can do what he wants. Hannibal's figure enveloped Will's smaller frame, both large hands on each side of the other's shoulders. Warmth travelled to his back. Will closed his eyes, trying to calm down. His natural instinct was to crawl away, but he couldn't. Breath in. Breathe out, he told himself. He was starting to sweat heavily, in which he was sure Hannibal knew.

'Hannibal...' he pleaded hoping the man would understand.

The form behind him retreated covering his well toned body with the new suit.

Once fully clothed, he was offered a mirror to glance at his new style. He looked in shock at how handsome he looked. His ‘friend’ had impeccable taste, installing doubt in his mind if Hannibal really held him high in his heart to know him so well.

‘Judging from the expression on your visage; you are not so disappointed by my taste in gifts. Once again, I have made the perfect choice’ complimenting himself

Will scoffed, arranging the collar of his new shirt, dismissing Lecter from his duty.

‘Pompous arrogant ass...’ Only Hannibal would praise himself for something as insignificant as this.

Hannibal let this one go as he chuckled at the childish attempt to sound unaffected by his Will. This was the man’s way of saying thank you after all that’s happened between them.

‘ The pleasure’s all mine’ he said clapping his hands together in satisfaction

While he struggled with tying up the knot for his tie, he whispered under his breath: ‘Yeah..I bet it was...’

Hannibal watched him fondle with the offensive thing, until he could not anymore, afraid they would miss the performance tonight.

Grabbing hold of Will’s wrist, their gaze met.

‘Allow me..’ Hannibal said almost lovingly. Will stood in place for once, showing his strength of character.

Both their faces were inches apart. Will felt the warm breath of his psychiatrist on his lips. This was intimate, the tension in the room was at its peak. He swore he saw Hannibal eyed his half opened mouth in desire. Nothing was exchanged between them for minutes.

Will's body fidgeted, ready to bolt at any time. A shadow was cast over his own face as he noticed the other close in the distance. He panicked: 'was Hannibal going to kiss him?'. Should he let it happen, afraid his lure would be thrown aside if he refused.

As Will rapidly shut his eyes, waiting for the impending kiss, he was surprised when lips ghosted over the crook of his left ear.

'All done...' whispered huskily Dr Lecter, now moving away to get his things, leaving poor Will stranded in his own thoughts.

Will couldn't help but feel he was in so much trouble tonight; now doubting his willingness to pursue his plan to catch the infamous Chesapeake Ripper.

Crescendo part 2

Chapter Summary

sorry for the late update. My live has been busy with moving, school and finding a job, working on doujinshis as well.

Enjoy this crappy chapter (not happy with it, but after 4 times remaking it, well...soon the dirty part, soon!) I hate build ups lol

happy readinfs. comments are welcomed

PART 2:

The Opera House's front entrance was buzzing with highly dressed strangers. Fancy cars stopped by the porch, dropping its occupants, leaving the keys in the valet's hand to carry away to an unknown location. From Hannibal's warm expensive black bentley, Will felt even more out of place. While Hannibal seemed perfectly at ease in this extravagant setting, the detective clearly wasn't. Noticing the romanesque architecture of the building's exterior from the car's glass window, Will acknowledged how Hannibal and him were so much different. This decorum felt so unfamiliar to him. He was never one to mingle in the high life; he preferred to stay aside, do his thing, enjoying the simple and cheap life he had become accustomed to when he was younger. Well, until he met Hannibal Lecter that is.

Frowning, Will felt a bit inadequate being here with his 'friend'. His artistic sense and appreciation of the art was severely lacking. He couldn't understand why Hannibal would introduce him to such a thing. Feeling the movement of the car slowing, Will came back to the present.

I should stop being so distracted around Hannibal; it will get me killed, he scolded himself

'We have arrived' simply said Hannibal

'I figured...It's not difficult to see with all these…..people around' Will said shifting uncomfortably in his seat. He didn't like to be around people. Hannibal knew that, so why take him out of his comfort zone.

‘Human beings are known to adapt to their surroundings. You will grow accustomed to this crowd in no time; I expect you will be no different than your average man. If at all, your continuous metamorphosis is proof of your capability to do so, dear Will.’

‘Of course’ he said sarcastically. Hannibal graced his response only with a courteous nod.

Ever the gentleman, Hannibal made his way out of the car to open the side door for his special guest. No glances were exchanged as Will exited the large car. If Hannibal was offended by his absence in courtesy; he did not mention it.

One thing Will notice once he was out was all the noise and distractions. His mind was assaulted by the blurred conversations, the car noise and the continuous steps of the guests trying to enter the building. He closed his eyes as a reflexe he acquired all those years ago as a conditioned response to overwhelming situations in populated areas. His empathy was picking up so much around him. He tried to calm his breathing. Breathe in. Breath Out. Breathe in. Breathe Out. Yet, his heartbeat was still racing.

On his side, Hannibal left the keys to the Valet and remained away for Will’s personal space. He admired the distress in his companion. His thin lips curved into a smile at the pitiful sight in front of his piercing eyes. His prey was so easily overwhelmed; which made it the key ingredient for his plan for Will to succeed. The Doctor had been nurturing Will for a long time, and the hard work bore its fruits. Will had finally succumbed to the darkness, to Hannibal. He couldn’t wait to make Will fall more to despair; as long as he was beside Hannibal in the end.

On their way inside this glorious historical building, they were stopped by Hannibal’s opera acquaintances. The profiler stood close to the large man next to him, hoping to fade into the background. Luckily, Hannibal took care of everything; controlled everyone that attempted to make small talk with him. Will was surprised and mostly impressed at how Hannibal handled so many people all at once without slipping, keeping this persona intact. Hannibal was in his natural habitat here, that Will knew. If he didn’t know the man, he would say he was the perfect gentleman. Too perfect perhaps. No wonder he went undetected as the Ripper for all those years; his control, manners, every little details thought out were just meticulate. The crowd made him fidget, his fists held close to his hips; his whole body screamed panic. He was anxious to get to their seats.

Will's panic suddenly lessen unconsciously when he felt a larger figure loom over him. He hated how his body took Lecter as a source of safety and calm. Luckily, it looked like his prayers were answered as Hannibal bid farewell to his admirers and finally paid him attention.

'This way please'

A gentle hand poised on his lower back in surprise, then relaxing into the touch. The crowd was a lot to take in. Once again, his mentor stepped in to save him from himself. The pressure at his back was leading him forward through the vast crowd towards a less crowded hall.

Will smiled weakly his thanks to Hannibal who had keenly kept a steady eye on him. He shouldn't be so affected; it was only a regular date in a very public place.

A date with a vicious psychopathic killer who is enamored with you, his subconscious said.

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Will had totally no idea of where they were heading or what they were going to see. He just let himself be guided through the halls. He was skeptic about his true motive for inviting him here. For Hannibal to propose something so...so randomly, Will was definitely confused. Hannibal was always so careful, so in control of everything, that it made him wonder what he had planned for him tonight.

Looking around as he followed the large composed man in front of him, he could see why Hannibal liked such illustrious surroundings. Feeding his large ego and sense superiority complex I'm sure, he assumed. The Art Pieces around and the golden pillars mixed with the red paint of the decorated walls were simply artistic. Certainly something Will had never glimpsed in real life, aside from Hollywood movies of course. He really felt small in such a big place. Hannibal waltzed in the long corridor like he was owning the place; it made him feel even smaller and uncomfortable. Perhaps the helpful Doctor enjoyed to see him squirm and that was his plan all along. Making him feel so uncomfortable that he would miss the whole purpose of this sudden outing together.

As he kept on walking, he never saw the man halt near a wooden carved door. He abruptly bumped into the figure in front of him, which made the taller man smirk and Will cringe in annoyance.

‘Everything alright William?’ Said Hannibal, tilting his head to the side, taking in the lovely sight oh so close to him. His nervousness was sweet to scent.

‘Y..Yeah...’ He said apologetically, ruffling his fingers through his mop of brown hair. Hannibal was so close to him now. It made his body warm, his forehead a bit moist and his cheek blush. Luckily he had dark skin to further hide the color on his skin; but nothing got past Lecter disturbing sense of smell.

They stood there like time had vanished and it was only the two of them. Those red piercing eyes...Predatory, he thought, gazed at him like he was the next best meal and that made him feel....uneasy...observed...aroused? Their chest were barely touching, only a brief gap keeping them apart. Hannibal shifted close to him, bent a little as if to reach for something...someone.

Will's heartbeat increased under the uncertainty of Hannibal's action.

What is...h-he doing…?

He stood still, trying to read his psychiatrist intention ?through prolonged eye contact. As much as he disliked eye contact, judging it too....personal; Hannibal was different. They were like opposites, edging the other on.

Inches apart, a soft breath graced Will's tingling skin.

‘Our seats are right over there, if you would, please. I hope you will enjoy the privacy’ Hannibal gestured Will towards the now very open door of their balcony, waiting.

The FBI agent, startled, looked behind to where Hannibal's right hand had gone to.

Looking at his 'friend's' line of sight, he felt really stupid. For once, he should heed the doctor's advice and relax. He really had thought he was going to pull him closer to..to...

The bastard had known what his mind's conclusions had been. He kept playing him like a fool.

Deep down, Will knew there was something weird about their relationship. It’S what made this whole lure thing the more difficult. He had to fight the man’s dark influence when he knew a part of him longed to have this with Hannibal. After all, hel was not the man to simply foster co-dependency with him for no reason. The killer expected something from him, which would lead to his downfall or perhaps his own. Unconsciously, the younger man with green eyes did feel a connection with his tormentor; not that he would tell Hannibal that. As long as got his reckoning, Will didn't really care about anything else.

‘Will?’ muttered Hannibal, close to his ear. His large fingers lightly feeling the lower muscles of his back as if was nothing uncommon. If he were to move his hand downward, he would be palping Will’s ass, which Will tried to avoid at all cost.

Frustrated, Will broke eye contact and pushed passed the man abruptly. Not even saying thank you for the gentle gesture; and judging by those curved lips, that the older man did not expect an apology from Will. Hannibal followed right after him.

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Below them, the auditorium started to fill with people, which made Will sigh in relief at their....seat's privacy. The balcony was isolated, and 2 chairs dressed with red velvet lay waiting with 2 glasses of alcohol on each side. Will took in the sight and approached the rail seperating them to the rest of the audience. Perhaps the crowd wasn’t as bad from up here.

‘ I took the liberty of booking this balcony knowing you are uncomfortable with people. I think you will enjoy the experience better; and I do like my privacy as well. Hope this pleases you’

Will muffled a snort, turning around with a scowl marring his features

‘ Ahh.... And here I thought you were just a sadistic man who enjoys tormenting men without giving a shit about others..’ replied Will with perhaps a bit more bite than he realized.

Hannibal’s pupil twitched at the foul language in such a prestigious place, but he decided to let it go. There was nothing more beautiful than his Will fighting back his influence.

‘ You have grown on me, my dear Will. Your wellbeing is one of my preoccupation. I’m hurt you think such awful things of me. I had thought that with the... recent events you had come to realize that you are very dear to me’ He said almost hurt. Perhaps tonight’s plan would show his prey how much he burns to consume him, and who holds all the cards.

‘ You should have thought of that before getting framed for murder and sent to the looney bin! You don’t hurt the people you pretend to care for Hannibal. You murdered Abigail...’ He said bitterly. He had been hurt badly by his friend; the loss of Abigail left him empty somehow.

For the first time in many months, Hannibal might have shown remorse or guilt. Will was surprised; he could feel the guilt in those sharp eyes.

‘ I am sorry for what happened, but it was necessary. Abigail was as important to me as she was to you. Unfortunately, she had become a risk to my plans for you, she had to go. I regret nothing as it brought you to me; to see your potential. I hope we can move past this and rebuilt our trust with each other, in time’

Will felt his resolve fade. He had to maintain his persona; he couldn’t afford to lose Hannibal’s admiration and distorted love. That didn’t mean he wasn’t pissed at him for what he did.

‘ I’m still upset with what you did, I will never forget what you’ve done no matter what. EVER.’ He said looking out to see the lights dim out, ready for the performance to start.

‘And I would not want you to. Traumas are very character building’ Hannibal said as he sat comfortably in his soft chair at the right to Will’s own empty seat.

The dark haired man removed his suit jacket to let it hang on the back of his seat. He spared a look in his doctor’s direction as he took the seat to his left.

Will dropped ungraciously on the red velvet cover of the chair, took the forgotten glass next to him in his sweaty hands and downed the whole thing in one gulp. THAT would calm his nerves and his hyperactive imagination. Sadly, it did not go unnoticed. His body, by reflex froze under the dark intent sent in his general direction. If looks could kill, he would be dead right now from the glare given to him by Hannibal.

‘ Don’t be so rude, William. That is no way to conduct yourself in public. This behavior is maybe acceptable at your home, but definitely unacceptable here. I demand a modicum of respect. Am I understood?’

Will replied with a glare of his own. His voice was low and dark.

‘If you are unhappy with my behavior Doctor Lecter, you shouldn't have invited me’ Will’s hand grasped tightly the empty recipient, keeping his temper in check.

Hannibal's primal instinct told him to punish his Will and make him beg for forgiveness, but he kept his urges in control. He knew Will was doing this on purpose to rile him up, which was adorable. Will thought that he could get a rise out of him. The light haired man schooled his expression, while sipping at his drink, slowly.

‘I do apologize once again for my...outburst. I forget that you are not used to such refined events’

Will huffed and then a devious smile appeared on his lips, sending shivers down the killer's spine. Even more reason for Will to be special; especially if he could make Hannibal feel things, he repressed long ago.

'Please stop lying to me! We both know you never do anything without reasons. You never forget anything, it isn't in your personality to do so...' He paused, breathing in and out to calm himself once again. 'I thought this was an evening without pretenses, Doctor Lecter.'

Hannibal smothered a light chuckle.

'I did not mean to insult your intelligence Will, quite the opposite, I do love the challenge you provide me'

The killer's lips curved into a small smile.. He went on.

' But I agree, we shouldn't let anything come between this special moment. Let us enjoy tonight's evening…. I know I will' he simply said. Will stared ahead, nodded his consent, hoping to God this show would start.

Suddenly, the room was engulfed in darkness as the stage was lit up while a lovely young lady begun singing Pie Jesus to the whole silent crowd. Will couldn't be happier. His eyes closed, his mind wandering to the various sounds, his imagination free of the murderous images that plagued his mind. Maybe Hannibal had been right for once, the music would help him unwind.

Lost in the opera, he momentarily forgot he was sharing an enclosed space with the world's number one Serial Killer bent on an obsession with him.

Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

> Finally I have finished it. It's not exactly how I imagined it, but oh well it's done. The music Will and Hannibal listens too in chapter 3 is Plava Laguna (song from the 5th element), you can listen to it as you read :) Enjoy this last installement!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

CHAPTER 3 (FINAL)

The orchestra was divine and the singer was mesmerizing. The melody flowed through him, and brought him peace for once. His mind was white canvas, only painted by the black dots of the musical notes. He was suddenly free of everything. Murder, blood and mostly… free of Hannibal's influence for a slight moment. He was alone bathing in the emptiness of his brain.

Will was summoned back to reality upon hearing the accent he had grown accustomed to in the distance.

'I'm glad to see you enjoy yourself and at ease for once. Rarely you have not been on your guard, especially around me; it is a pleasing sight...' The words rolled off Hannibal's tongue like deadly poison. The sharp slap back to reality abruptly knocked some sense into him in how free really he was from this monster.

Will's piercing greenish blue eyes never left the stage. His tone was enough for the distinguished man to understand his resentment.

' I wonder why?' he said sarcastically ' Regardless, it's a nice change. It is a beautiful opera...Thank you'

'My pleasure. The next piece is one of my favorite. Plava Laguna, russian in origins and very rich in sensations. I find myself invigorated and fuelled with basest of desires every time my

ears has the pleasure to experience its vivacity.'

As the room was engulfed into darkness once again, only lit by the dimmed spotlights on stage, the doctor leaned and whispered close to Will's small ears. Will's heart skipped a beat, body unmoving, very attuned to the dominating presence next to him.

' I do hope you will find it as…fulfilling as it was for me, dear Will...' Hannibal finished his sentence, as he realized the next piece was starting, letting the word sink into his prey.

'We'll see' he replied almost absently. Hannibal's last words fell on deaf ears as soon as the first instrument was played.

Goosebumps made him shiver, his pupils dilated at the profoundness of the score. It seems his empathy worked as well with this. His mouth was half open, breathing shallow, captivated by what the woman who was singing. He felt...sad, yet strongly embraced in love by the intensity of the feelings in the song.

Hannibal had been right. Will's body was reacting positively to this specific song. The once tensed form loosen under the calming hand of the symphony, now slumped in his chair. Hannibal swallowed hard when he glimpsed hungrily at the subtle invitation from his dazed Will. The man's legs were usually spread, but guarded. But not this time, the feeling he got was different. His guest exhuberated lust, one in which he could relate. His mongoose's thighs broadcasted his submission subconsciously; offering his psychiatrist what he longed for since their rekindling.

At this point, Will's eyes were shut, his frame lax. His forearms were loose on the armrest of the cushioned chair, whisky glass and death long forgotten. He let the sounds swallow him whole, leaving his mind to its waltzing whims; completely dismissing the deadly predator who would only love to chew him whole.

The good Doctor's eyes lowered down to gaze at Will's predominant bulge in his tight suit pants, graciously provided by yours truly. The empath had enjoyed this as much as he because he was also sporting a very large erection. The scent of arousal filling his nose got to his overactive brain. He couldn't help bite the flesh in his mouth in anticipation of claiming his fragile little teacup. He didn't bite hard enough to draw blood, but enough to reign in his impulses. He never realized having WIlliam at the Opera would be such a huge turn on. He

smiled when he saw his prey was lost to the lovely tune. That's when he saw his opening, he would enjoy the profiler's shame, guilt and most precious of all...humiliation. He could already taste it.

By agreeing to be Lecter's date tonight, Will had forsaken his last shred of intimacy. He just wasn't aware of it yet.

Both men were kept at a small distance from each other, separated only by an inch, forearms almost touching if one of them dared to move. Despite his broad frame and weight, Hannibal had learnt to approach any prize with caution; stealth being his ally all those years when killing the rude.

Deciding to test the waters, the Ripper tilted his extensive shoulders towards the captivated fellow who still wasn't paying attention to the doctor's conduct. Leaning towards Will's left side, he casually brushed heated skin against clammed skin. Heat radiated from those hands, sweaty palms firmly shut tight into a fist while Will's eyes were closed. The other man barely registered his faint shift in position.

Interesting, Hannibal thought to himself as he dared to tempt fate once again.

Will's lack of reaction rendered the psychopath rather frustrated. He enjoyed seeing his Will in pain; he loved to play with his mind. He'd like nothing more than to breathe in the sweet scent of agony mixed with pleasure from those pores.

Next to him, Will's fists clenched and unclenched unconsciously, never glancing in his direction. As the music grew in intensity, so did Hannibal's boldness.

Will's eyes opened when he sensed a feathery touch close to his own fingers. All his attention was on the moving artist on the platform, but for a brief moment, he snapped away to where the pressure was. Casting his focus quickly on his resting arm, he noticed the audacious man shortened the space between them. They stood there, as if waiting...but waiting for what… He decided to let it go as his 'friend' didn't seem to mean any harm. Harm was a loose analogy when it came to Hannibal; it could have multiple forms, all of which Hannibal was a master of.

Feeling the pupils of his dear Will move back to where the symphony was, the ever opportunist Dr Lecter grazed his dexterous fingers inside the moist palm besides him. He let the sensation linger a few seconds before heading to his next destination. Will's phalanges felt like hard concrete; strong and chipped, mainly due to all the manual work he'd done. The ex surgeon's probing hands twisted around to palpe the tanned wrist under his hold. At this point, Will's hands shook, startled by this sudden motion. His wrist was confined in the murderer's calculating fingers, which were gently stroking him. He could easily slip his wrist away, but somehow the act felt more purposeful. Enerved to have been brought back from his reverie and touched without his consent, Will sent a dreadful glare to his left from the corner of his eye. Will's back stood straight against the back of his chair hoping to avoid the involuntary assault.

The brave doctor gently ignored the warning and angled his fingertips to the pulsing point where blood flowed like a fountain. Pulse elevated, 120 beats per minute; suggesting interest or fear, both of which appealed to Hannibal's ego. It shot straight to his groin. Addicted to his pet project, he moved along the length of Will's forearm, little hair standing straight on the sensitive skin. The doctor's meticulous touch tickled down, enjoying the smooth hairless flesh, memorizing every inch of this perfect canvas.

As hard as he tried to draw his attention as far away of Dr Lecter's ministrations as possible and let the majestic scene sink in once again in his head, he couldn't help swallow his embarrassment and shift in his seat. The FBI profiler turned his face away, his expression shying away from Lecter's line of sight.

Hannibal absently palmed at his growing mass with his other free hand. He smirked evilly. Still, Will couldn't hide from him.

Hannibal smelled the change in the air: Will's blood was divided in its destination, fighting to go to his heart or to his now half hard member. Hannibal witnessed in the heated glare the blown pupils. His Will was aroused simply from a single brush of flesh, even if his mind rebelled against the feeling. Hannibal wondered what it would be once he got to his inner thighs, working him open. Sadly, he could not ponder more on the thought as Will's right hand grabbed him before his hand reached Will's tensed inner thighs.

'Hannibal….' warned Will, applying more pressure to the other's forearm hoping he'd get the message. His eyes burnt brightly with mixed feelings.

‘Don’t touch me!’

‘I dare you to stop me’ Hannibal’s lustful eyes glared back into those fearless green irises, challenging.

Hannibal chuckled internally. He had finally sunk his claws into his prey, he would not back down from this challenge. In the end, his Will would fall under his sway. Only then, would his transformation be complete.

Both of them stood still as they gazed into each other’s soul from the corner of their keen eyes.

Will should have known Hannibal wasn’t honest with him when he invited him here. He grunted. There was always an hidden agenda with Hannibal Lecter, he should have listened to his instincts when he had doubted. His eagerness to trap the psychopath had proven dangerous now as Will’s calloused hand was holding at bay the offending digits.

Stuck in the moment, neither of them moved. Although his initial outburst was over, Will hadn’t discouraged the action yet, their touch frozen in time while the melody continued on. His own body was slowly betraying him, moving under the whims of the killer, like a mere puppet. The empath wasn’t sure how this all would affect his plans to capture Hannibal, but he had no intention of letting Lecter have his way without his consent.

‘You really gonna do this? Here?’ he spat, voice low enough not to disturb anyone who enjoyed the spectacle or tried to. He could see the rage boiling inside the vile man’s mind; not used to be denied what he so desperately wants. Unexpectedly, he found himself crave for the beast’s attention as the pressure grew more uncomfortable in his pants.

‘There is no need to be so pedestrian, dear Will… It’s not as if you aren’t enjoying yourself’ dared Hannibal, breaking Will’s strong grip. Hannibal quickly aimed for Will’s exposed knee and squeezed it. Hard.

Will gasped in shock as the taller man pounced on the feast opened to him.

‘Fuck!’ Will swore, both hands clenching in a death grip the armrests of the chair. His knuckles were turning blue, his imprint forever left on the expensive leather.

‘Language’ chastised the Ripper in a husky voice. Will’s body shivered like snow had fell on his heated skin at the voice. He could lose himself in Will’s innocent reactions. Will’s dick wanted attention, and he would gladly give it.

Hannibal’s eyes ever defying, the other avoided the attempt to make contact, like it was a disease. As a matter of fact, Dr Lecter himself was an infestation, a disease Will needed to cleanse from his mind, his skin...his soul. Miserably, it was more troublesome than he imagined. He had underestimated the reach Lecter had on him.

His nerves were tingling all over; electricity travelling to his spine, paralysing him in place, at the devil’s mercy. Will’s breath was cut short, a bead of sweat trailing down his eyebrow.

As much as he tried to hide; there was no point denying the sophisticated being’s influence on him. All the fight in him melted away; his strength draining away with every inch of his control. He was angry at himself for succumbing to such a man; his instincts telling him to run, but his need for….absolution from the monster was too strong to leave. Will letted go, deciding to ride the waves of Hannibal’s quake. Fusing with his seat, his damp shirt clung to the hard fabric. His heavy head fell back, the crook of his neck exposed in submission. He panted heavily, but stood his ground, letting himself be immersed by the overflowing sensations. The russian opera quieting his turbulent rebellious mind. He’d be damned if he let his psychiatrist know how much he affected him.

Finally feeling the muscles relax under his grasp, Hannibal looked away in contempt, while never leaving his Will. Will’s submission made him rock harder against his own palm; It helped keep his trusts at bay. Even if the forensic science teacher was unaware of his own agency over Hannibal, Will was the only one capable of making him unpredictable. That’s why the profiler intrigued him so much; he was dangerous. It made the beast inside him roar.

It didn’t take long for Hannibal to travel up towards Will’s inner thighs. The expensive fabric of his gift the only obstacle standing between the cannibal and his meal. Fingers glided up, teasingly fumbling with the man’s sensitive clothed flesh. Everytime he pushed deeper into taut muscles, he felt them twitch under his sweet caress.

Will's teeth are clasped hard, his jaw impossibly clammed; the music only removing some of the awkwardness away. When meeting Dr Lecter, never in a million years did Will anticipate himself getting touched intimately by him.

The faint sounds of the flute blowing in time with the subtle notes of the clarinet carried him away from this precise memory. He let his core be moved by the sensual strokes of Hannibal's brush and the vocalist's strong chant. He could do nothing aside from letting himself feel.

Climbing up to his prey's suit pants, his fingers played with the man's zipper. Both man avoided the each other's prying eyes; their focus solely on the piece unfolding before them.

Hannibal didn't need his sight to know his WIll and make him quiver. He dug in, dextrous fingers teasing the fly open, slowly freeing the strong appendage trapped there. Will's pure scent was intoxicating. He made no mistake; this man allowed him to bring him to completion. He had let Hannibal have his way, but only because his mongoose had wanted to give his control away.

Cool hand met Will's burning flesh. Will hissed at the contact, his back melting more and more into the depth of his seat. The rhythm of the symphony increasing as was the screaming feminine voice in the background. His lovely curls were partly covering his marred skin, rendering him mysterious and even more beautiful to the predator's eyes. There was no filter preventing him to witness Will's madness; his ultimate surrender.

Thick surgical fingers wrapped sensuously around Will's pulsing length with such precision that it coaxed his body to twist and arch into the touch. Dr Lecter's wrist moved up and down with every beat. The doctor's hand was now the sole orchestrator in charge of making his body sing the most beautiful of sounds. Will held back his whimpers in the back of his throat; knowing he would only edge the man on. He knew the other would drown into his pleasured sounds.

As the beat of the music grew in dynamics, so did the cannibal's strokes. Will's prick was leaking pre cum, throbbing in those grope hands. The pull was steady and fast, Will's hard thrusts met Hannibal's pace halfway, losing his mind to the cadence they danced on. This man was pulling at the right strings to make him dance. He could briefly glimpse at the other's man large cock, which was being ignored. Those slithered red eyes made him bolder in his movements. His balls were fondled lightly, like he was made of glass.

The piece was nearing its end, he could feel it in the intensity of the vice calling to him. The voice filled him as his penis grew more sensitive, semen dribbling down his hard dick, forming webs around Hannibal's diligent fingers. He was near the edge. His body was quivering impending the incoming burst that would erupt from the bottom of his stomach. Hannibal was unrelenting in his hold, hoping to see his Will mad with pleasure.

Hannibal's suit pants were causing a pleasurable friction. While he enjoyed the opera immensely, Will's smell attached itself to his being, calling him. His Will struggled against his constant motion. He dared peek a look at his handiwork; he couldn't be more proud. It was all bare for him to see, to touch...to feed on. Will's sweaty palms were holding for dear life onto his chair, his mouth parted, mumbling nonsense in hopes to keep some power over the situation. Saliva painted the corner of his chapped lips, running in a line towards his very exposed neck; muscles all tense. The cannibal admired Will's willpower. He dipped his lower lip into his warm mouth, his agile tongue swirling over it as if mimicking the act of fellatio. When Will started to shake uncontrollably, his eyes almost rolled up in the back of his head, he knew. Hannibal would witness his apprentice unhinge himself and let the darkness fill him. Will moaned, unable to stop his pending orgasm. The friction was too much. He bared his head down, his eyes shut knowing his balls were close to his dick. The sounds of beating wet flesh mixed with the last notes of the vocalist.

One of Will's hand reached for Lecter's hand on his pulsating cock, trying to push him away, warning him he was too close. A sign the doctor was simply too happy to ignore.

'Han..Hanni...ss-t-opp...Hannibal...' screamed Will, while shaking his head left and right as his fluid was milked from him slowly as he came on his own suit pants and shirt. His psychiatrists fingers were covered with his semen. He could smell his own odor and sweet scent on Lecter.

Ripping these arousing sounds might have been enough to make him come right here and there, if he hadn't so much self control. This melody was the best he had heard in a long time. His ears were tingling with pleasure. The picture had been extremely erotic. He would engrave this memory inside his mind palace for later. Alana's submission hadn't been as fulfilling as Will's. He would never forget the finishing act of the songstress; her high pitched resonating in the walls of the auditorium alongside Will's low growl as he burst in ecstasy.

Coming down from this sudden high, Will realized his mistake. He had given in. He grunted as his eyes fluttered open, feeling the semen dry on his now cooling flesh. He was completely

exposed to his friend's devouring gaze. He felt stupid and angry, but he couldn't help feel better as well. Perhaps, this hadn't been as bad as he thought. The opera had been marvelous and nourishing.

Seizing the opportunity to grab Lecter's attention, Will mumbled words that told his psychiatrist exactly want he wanted to hear.

'...Thanks...' hesitated as he raised himself from his chair, shuffling his clothes, his expression bitter.

As he was ready to inquire about Dr Lecter's current situation, he was never prepared for what he bared witnessed to. For a guy who just came like he never did before, he sure felt ready to go again.

Each of Hannibal's cum stained fingers slipped into his constricting slick heat, his taste buds enjoying the euphoria of Will's essence. His index lingered inside for show; a clear symbol of dominance. His tongue had swallowed everything down to the last drop as if nothing happened. It left only Will's pants as an unfortunate reminder of what had transpired between them. Shame grabbed at Will.

Locking their gaze together, Hannibal whispered in a hoarse voice words that sent Will reeling as he had finished his long awaited meal.

'That was a rewarding evening...don't you think?' seductively said the calm creature before Will. As the manipulator settled his own clothes and buried down his erection to be forgotten, he went for his suit's front pocket to take out his handkerchief. Extending his courteous square of fabric to William, he said as he left the dumbfounded man behind in the booth:

'Such a mess...You should really clean yourself better dear Will. Here, this should help...' he smirked

Will wanted to punch his face in.

THE END

Chapter End Notes

Hannibal is a douchebag lol Poor Will... Comments are welcome!

End Notes

Last part coming soon.. Well the best part with all the sexy bits... Enjoy! Thanks for the kudos guys and reading :)

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